Hast thou no Letters to me from the *Frier*?

*Man.* No my good Lord.

*Exit.*

*Ro.* No matter, get thee gone,
And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I doe remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts a dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouer-whelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a Tortoys hung,
An Allegater stuft, and other skinnes
Of ill shap't fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seeds,
Remnants of packthred, and old Cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the Beggers shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie:

*Appo.* Who cals so lowd?

*Rom.* Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Truncke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fierd

Doth



Doth hurry from the fatall Can
*Poti.* Such mortall drugs I h
Is death to any he that vtters th
*Ro.* Art thou so bare and ful
And feareſt to die, famine is in
Neede and oppression starueth
Contempt and beggery hangs
The world is not thy friend, no
The world affords no law to m
Then be not poore, but breake
*Po.* My pouerty, but not m
*Ro.* I pay thy pouerty and n
*Po.* Put this in any liquid th
And drinke it off, and if you ha
Of twenty men, it would dispat
*Ro.* There is thy Gold, worse
Doing more murthers in this l
Then these poore compounds t
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sol
Farewell, buy foode, and get th
Come Cordiall and not poyson
To *Iuliets* graue, for there must

*Enter Frier* Iohn *to*
*Ioh.* Holy *Franciscan* Frier, b
*Enter* Law
*Law.* This same should be th
Welcome from *Mantua*: what
Or if his mind be writ, giue me
*Ioh.* Going to find a barefoo
One of our order to associate me
Here in this Citie visiting the sic
And finding him, the Searchers
Suspecting that we both were in
Where the infectious pestilence
Seald vp the doores, and would
So that may speede to *Mantua* t

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34